







CHAPTER VIII

# The Village of Vancleave

By the turn of the century, virtually all of the families had left John's Bayou for the new community of Vancleave. The homes of most of these families were clustered around the homestead of Henry Galloway, my grandfather. I estimate that twenty-four families—twelve white and twelve black—settled within a radius of two miles from the Galloway home. Approximately half of these families bought their home sites from him, and his home became the center of the community. The village supported six stores and a doctor, as well as two churches, one lodge hall, and one county school for the black families. Approximately fifty families lived within five miles of the village, and one hundred families received mail at the Vancleave post office.

Henry Galloway was respected by all of the people of the community. Nobody ever questioned the fact that he lived in one of the best frame houses in the village, although most of the older people had known him as a slave. Charity, his wife, was a midwife and nurse for both whites and blacks. Henry Galloway adored his wife, and even in his old age he would often say: "Charity is the sweetest woman in the world; I had to come all the way from North Carolina to meet her." She died in 1896 at eighty years of age. He lived for ten years after







